



Father, and Mother, and Joe.

Sung by Mr. DIGHTON.

SAYS our Nancy, says she, one day to I,
As you know good examples I'm fond on,
Suppose, like some others, my fortune I try,
And get me a service in London?
I'm courted by Joseph, the curate's own son,
That took so much pains with my learning,
As 'tis a fortune I want, I can there get me one,
And it won't be the worse for earning;
Well, says I to our Nan, and thou toil in that track,
To London determin'd to go,
Take care of thy honor, or never come back
To Father, and Mother, and Joe.

As her trunk she was packing, Nan whimpering said,
She hop'd to do well with a blessing,
And the tricks of the town running still in my head,
I bestow'd on her t'other good lesson;
For a housekeeper's place she was shaping her views,
With some ancient old Duke, when I ask'd her,
Why, dom it! says I, mind your P's and your Q's,
Would you find out so wicked a master?
Such a presence as thine, 'twould be ruin, good lack!
To those mumring old monkies to shew,
They'd make free with thy honor, and then send thee back
To Father, and Mother, and Joe.

Then says Nan, t'usting other fine tales she had heard,
And scheming things stranger and stranger,
With a lady of fashion, if not with a lord,
Sure! sure! I should be out of danger;
There such a fine bustle by night and by day,
And then, what a chance! heaven bless us!
If at Fair-O, and Hazard, they do as folks say,
I might soon be as rich as a Croesus!
What! says I then—with gamblers and sheats would
you snack?

High life wunnt' do for us, no!
Never act with dishonor! or never come back
To Father, and Mother, and Joe.

With no limb of the law, says I, e'er go to place.
For lawyers young maids are so fond on,
At the very first sight he would plead on the case,
As sure as the Devil's in London!
Then to tuck up a sober old bachelor's bed,
Wou'd let busy clappers a chinking,
And your pious old maids would soon turn thy poor head,
With religion! God bless 'em! or drinking!
Of the best place in town there's no great deal to crack,
And if fortune should smile on thee, so,
Heaven watch o'er thy honor! and send thee safe back
To Father, and Mother, and Joe.

Away then for London whisk'd Nan by the Rage,
That Will a Wisp Fortune pursuing,
With as pure, and as honest a heart, I'll engage,
As e'er was devoted to ruin;
Tis a sad wicked town! and yet some people there
May let honour and honesty bind 'em,
But so strangely made up, and such deep on's they are,
That a simple young maid cou'd not find 'em;
Nay, our parson's proud son too has gotten the knack
Keen jibes at misfortune to throw,
So 'tis Father and Mother, poor Nan! call thee back,
Not Father, and Mother, and Joe.

